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POETRY.

From the Frelonia Courier.

Harvest Song.

Ho! rouse ye lads!—the morning breeze
Has swept the mist from the stream,
And afar on the hills, the towering trees
Are lit with days first beam.
The stars are gone—the night has sped,
And the lark has hailed the day;
Arouse ye, then, while the morn is red—
Away to the fields—away!

To us no music sounds more sweet
Than the sharpening cling of the scythe;
And echoing hills with gladness greet
The song of the reaper blithe.
How pleasant to follow with rake in hand,
The mower's devious way,
And scatter abroad, with lightsome wand,
The green and perfumed hay!

Let the soldier exult in the pomp of war,
The king in his serf thronged hall;
The freeman farmer is happier far
Than kings and lords, and all.
His are no fields with carriage red,
And drenched with the blood of the slain;
But hills and vales o'er which is spread
A harvest of waving grain.

The summer sun, o'er valley and plain,
Has shed his genial ray,
Till smiling acres of golden grain
Await the harvest day.
And into their borders we will not fail
To reap the "morn to the knife."
And eager, too, are the cradle and stall
To be yielded in bloodless strife.

Then up and away! while the diamond dew
Bespangles the bending corn;
And gaily we'll labor, while we woo
The breezy breath of morn.
And under the shade of the beeches green,
We'll rest at noon of day;
Hurray! for the sickle and scythe so keen—
Away to the fields—away!

POPULAR TALES.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Cot in the Wilderness.

AN INCIDENT OF THE 18TH CENTURY.
AS RELATED BY A YEMAN OF THE OLD FASHION WAY.
BY HORATIO KING.

In the year 1747, in the interior of the province of Maine, might have been seen a small turf-covered stone hut, raised on a slight eminence in the midst of the wilderness. From a dense thick-
et of shrubs and fallen trees, it was apparently inaccessible except in one direction. The spot was chosen and the habitation thus erected as a security against the Indians, while its occupants gained a livelihood by the sports of the forest. They were far removed from civilized society; and none but daring spirits would have ventured thus to risk their lives so unnecessarily and in a manner so singular. They were two brothers—the one aged twenty-three, and the other twenty-five years; and having been raised, as it were, in the bosom of danger, their wild and almost un-governable spirits seemed rather to invite than avoid the difficulties and perils, to which many of the early settlers of the country were exposed. With one bold effort they penetrated the forest some fifty miles beyond the boundary of civiliza-tion, to the place described.

They were known as the "Two Brothers." Both were expert marksmen and took great pleas-ure in wild sports. In erecting their hut, they adopted the precaution not only of having it fire-proof and substantially built, but provided to it also a secret under ground outlet, by which in case of imminent danger, they might make their escape unharmed. This passage extended from the cellar of the hut a distance of many rods be-neath the hill-sides, by which its entrance upon the hill-sides, was concealed, being also well secured at either end. But for fear of the savage, the situation was one, indeed, that many a civilized being, wearied and sick, might well have en-quired.

Here dwelt the Two Brothers. For the world they carried little; they had in their selfishness enough to learn that avarice and envy, far too large a space in its history for the happiness of mankind. Apart from the world, they were in a great measure independent of it. They weighed their inconveniences; but they were not igno-rant of the advantages, also, which they enjoyed. They had confidence in each other; and each gave to the other the strongest assurance of his determination to maintain his integrity—that of adhering constantly and invariably to the golden rule's of "doing as he would be done by."

It was in the depth of winter. The hills and valleys were deep clad in snow, the streams were bound in icy chains, and silence reigned in the wil-derness. With closed door, the two brothers might have been observed comfortably seated by a lively fire in their hitherto unmolested habita-tion, talking over their adventures and planning for the future. Already had they passed over two years in their novel situation, and they be-gan to feel that they would exchange it for no other. To the elder, one thing alone seemed wanting to satisfy his desires of happiness. The time had been when his heart beat high in view of the agreeable prospect before him. He had known the pleasure of having his own feelings of lively affection for an amiable and lovely being responded to with equal warmth of attachment. The time, indeed, had been when his happiness seemed consummated by a union with that being in wedlock; the recollection of which could not be effaced from his memory. That union was most suddenly and cruelly broken! Hence the shades of sadness which occasionally might have been observed stealing over his countenance, in reviewing the history of the past.

Leaving the two brothers in their lonely re-treat, let us now turn back a period of three years, to 1744. Assembled in a remote part of one of the border towns of the province referred to, might then have been witnessed a small wedding party. It was in the month of November. The occa-sion being one of no inconsiderable interest, the friends and acquaintances of the parties in the neighborhood had promptly made their appear-ance to witness the "tying of the knot" and aid in celebrating the event in a suitable manner.

Oxford Democrat

No. 19, Vol. 1, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 14, 1841.

Old Series. No. 30, Vol. 8.

From the Democratic Review.

Death in the School-Room.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well under- stood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint en-tered; that last night some of you were steal- ing fruit from Mr. Nichols' Garden. I rather think I know the thief, Tim Baker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward.— He was a slight, fair looking boy of about four- teen; and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too un-earthly fair for health; it had notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the strapping stood before that place of judgement, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is pro- viding to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing towards that consummation when one of the old fashioned school-masters, with his cow- hide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenu- ous methods of child torture, will be gazed upon as a second memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed the day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols' garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I was."
"Well, sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, with- out being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell.

"And I didn't do any thing."
"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy ratan: "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little, his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his fea- tures; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and— But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last even- ing. You were seen, Tim Baker, to come from under Mr. Nichols' garden fence, a little after nine o'clock with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspira- tion ran down his white forehead like rain- drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.
The boy looked as though he would faint.— But the unmerciful teacher confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the mean time, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faint- ly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"Oh yes; this is very likely;" and Mr. Lu- gare bulged out his nose and cheeks with con- tempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies?—I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a lit- tle villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you some- thing that will make you remember Mr. Nichols' melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough for the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept trem- blingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned in their seats, and during

the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and se- vere chastisement, that such things made but lit- tle interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the history of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sick- ly infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks.— This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country seat in the neigh- borhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his older brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a pres- ent of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tem- pered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful ob- jects of his kindness. It might be, that the wid- ow was loath to have it understood by the neigh- bors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in ques- tion, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols' garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was a lit- tle fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexible severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment, he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his stern- ness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The happy father who had been so kind and gen- eral to give his school a joyfully-received dis- mission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry.— They knew he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was to common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained un- satisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl, which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness.— At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself be- hind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquis- itely performed tragedy, when some mighty mas- ter of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in- expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his fea- tures to relax from their expression of savage an- ger into a smile, but that smile looked more ma- gnan- imous, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depic- ted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake up the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman!" said he; "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little hogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made his last obser- vation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was as unconscious of his im- pending punishment as ever. He might be dream- ing some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights which would re- lity never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired from long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awak- en a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick

POETRY.

MACHINE POETRY.

There's Glory in all Things.

There's radiant glory every where—
On every side it glows;
Where'er we are, where'er we go,
Glory its splendor throws.
There's glory in the morning's beam,
And on the brow of night,
There's glory in a jolly spree,
And glory in a fight.

There's glory on the ocean wave,
When peacefully it sleeps,
And glory rises upon it when
The tempest o'er it sweeps.
There's glory in the storm-cloud's pall,
And in the sky's deep blue;
There's glory in yon twinkling star,
And in an oyster stew.

There's glory in the silvery moon,
Just rising o'er the hills;
There's glory resting on the stream,
And in all earthly wiles.
Old Time's fleet wings are spangled o'er
With glory as he flies;
But brighter glory shines from out
My Nancy's coal black eyes.

There's glory in each little flower,
That scents the passing breeze,
There's glory in each plant and shrub,
And glory in the trees.
There's glory in affection's touch,
And in all earthly wiles;
There's glory, glory in our corn,
Where'er we stub our toes!

There's glory in old Winter's reign,
There's glory in its frown;
There's glory in mild April's showers,
That steal so gently down;
There's glory in sweet Summer's prime,
And in the dying year;
There's glory in pale Autumn's sky,
And glory in good beer.

There's radiant glory every where,
On every side it glows;
Where'er we are, where'er we go,
Glory its splendor throws;
North, west, east, south, above, below,
We ought but glory see;
But, Oh! to live on turtle soup
Is glory 'nough for me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Melting Story.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetiousness at inflicting a good humored revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain boy. Impose upon or injure a Vermonter, and he will seem the drollest and best natured fellow you ever knew in your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly devised offset for your duplicity, and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is that manly, open-heartedness about him which infuses balm even while the wound is opening, and renders it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident that the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, those happy fellows treat in a manner so peculiar as completely to alter their former character and make them seem to us agreeable which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or an insult by instantly returning injury, cutting the acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender; but a Vermonter, with a smile upon his face will amuse himself while obtaining a far keener revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemy forgive him and even love him after the chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of fortune which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head and the roll of new butter in his hat anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down, I reckon, now, on such an e-far-nal night as this, little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow, come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain: he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of 'something warm' sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulder and planting him in a seat close to the stove where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that while the country grocer sat before him that there was no possibility of his getting out, and in this very place sure enough the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we will have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would hold. "Without it you would freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter setting down close

er to his hair and jumped up declaring he must go.
"Not till you have had something warm, Seth, come I've got a story to tell you, too: sit down, now," and Seth was pushed into his seat by the cunning tormentor.
"Oh! it is to darn'd hot here," said the petty thief again attempting to rise.
"Set down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.
"But I have got to fodder the cows, and split some wood, and must be a goin'," continued the persecuted chap.
"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down and keep yourself cool. You appear to be fidgety," said the rogish grocer with a wicked leer.
The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy.
"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in all creation."
And Seth, don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter, just such as you see on that shelf is the only thing in nature fit to baste a goose with—come take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.
"Darnation cold night this," said the grocer.
"Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as though you was warm—here let me put your hat away!"
"No!" exclaimed poor Seth with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No I must go; let me out; I ain't well, let me go!"
"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you will go," adding as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a ninepence, so I shan't charge that pound of butter."

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COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they have formed a partnership under the name of JESSE HOWE & SON, and have purchased the stock of Goods recently owned by Eli Howe, and they now offer the same for sale at the old stand on Paris Hill, where friends and customers are invited to call.
JESSE HOWE,
HENRY HOWE.
Paris, August 27, 1841.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 2d day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of
WILLIAM COLE,
late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to
CYRUS COLE,
Buckfield, Aug. 24, 1841.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Guardian of
MOSES BUTTERFIELD,
of Samner, in the County of Oxford, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said Butterfield, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to
MATTHEW O. RYKSON,
August 24th, 1841.

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Wanted—Immediately,
Two Apprentice Girls to the Tailoring Business.
Enquire of
C. TRIBOU,
Paris Hill, Aug. 17, 1841.

MILITARY CAPS & KNAPSACKS,
OF latest improved patterns made to order, at short notice, by
WILSON & PUTNEY,
2nd
PORTLAND, ME.

20,000 lbs. WOOD.
WANTED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

20,000 lbs.
CLEAN FLEECE WOOL.

For which Cash and the highest Market price will be paid, if delivered soon at our Store in Motion's Building, Congress Street.

BUTTERFIELD & SMALL.

JUST received a complete assortment of W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, which they offer at wholesale and retail in exchange for LUMBER or approved credit.
Portland, June 21, 1840.

Administrator's Sale.
NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to a license from the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, there will be exposed for sale on the premises of the said Judge of Probate, on Saturday the 25th day of September next, at two o'clock P. M., so much of the real estate of Luther Whiting, late of Hartford, deceased, as will produce the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars, for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of sale. Said estate consists of about 44 acres of land with a barn attached to the same, situated in said Hartford. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

WILSON DEARBORN.
Paris, August 24th, 1841.

Notice of Foreclosure.
THE subscribers hereby give notice that they hold a mortgage deed of a certain parcel of land situated in Paris, in the County of Oxford, containing thirty-three acres which mortgage was given by David P. Stowell, said parcel bearing date April 12th, A. D. 1837, and is duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, Book 51, Page 113, reference to said Record being had for a full description of the premises mortgaged, that the condition in said mortgage is broken, and that they hereby claim possession of said premises, and to foreclose the same pursuant to law.

LOREN WRISLEY,
DANIEL YOUNG.
Norway, August 17th 1841.

Commissioner's Notice.
WE, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of the estate of JAMES PHILLIPS, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented in said County, Book 51, Page 113, reference to said Record being had for a full description of the premises mortgaged, that the condition in said mortgage is broken, and that they hereby claim possession of said premises, and to foreclose the same pursuant to law.

LOREN WRISLEY,
DANIEL YOUNG.
Norway, August 17th 1841.

THE LION OF THE DAY.
THE OLD DUTCH OR
GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO the Citizens of the United States and the Canadas is respectfully submitted this Directory to the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances, totally lost.
What a blessing should be prized where that of health, and who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction,) "time is money, prepare for war." We should in times of health prepare for the attacks of that stealthy lurking foe, Disease. It would be wisdom to observe his movements, to scan well the form in which he approaches, and then to meet him with those means which are calculated to effect his overthrow. These means are now before this enlightened and watchful community. They are accessible to the poor as well as the rich, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the finest specimens of Divine workmanship, and the laws by which that system is governed, and directed, are originating in no other line in the Canadas than in this country, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the finest specimens of Divine workmanship, and the laws by which that system is governed, and directed, are originating in no other line in the Canadas than in this country.

It is with the most flattering recommendations, subscribed by most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country but also in Europe, that I offer this valuable Medicine to the American People.

Time and opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the brand of imposture, Humbug, Quackery, &c.

This Lion is composed of extracts from nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, being entirely free from any drug of a deleterious nature, and adapted particularly to the cleansing of the system, biliousness, flatulency, and cholera, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Scarlet Febr, Dyspepsia, Headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, &c. &c. I have used these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box.

It is not intended that this Medicine is a cure for all Diseases to which the human system is liable.

Many efforts have been made to compound a Medicine which would cure all Diseases, but have failed. Those Diseases enumerated above, are within the power of these Pills and a sure cure or relief is warranted.

Price 75 cents.

Paris Hill, H. HUBBARD; South Paris, Otis H. Paine; North Paris, Houghton & Halsey; Norway, E. C. Shackley; Wm. E. Goodnow; Oxford, Joseph Chaffin, Seth G. Lowe; Leonard Brown; Livermore, Job Hawkes; East Livermore, Thomas Haskell, Jr.; Livermore Falls, Kimball & Walker; Canton, Joseph Holland, John Hestory; Dixfield, Charles L. Carter; East Randolph, Alvin Hubbert; Randolph Center, J. K. Knapp; Jordan, Graham; Randolph Point, Otis C. Halsey; Bethel, Elias M. Carter; Washington Bay; Randolph Falls, Charles S. Winslow.

Foreclosures.
NOTICE is hereby given that I claim possession of five several parcels of land situated in Denmark, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by virtue of five several deeds of mortgage, to wit:—One from Eliza Newcomb, dated October 10, 1835, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County Book 16, page 519; also one from Henry O. Colby, dated October 13, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 674; also a deed from Dominick G. Talbot, dated April 22, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 20, page 35; and 56; also a deed from Leonard R. Ingalls, dated April 23, 1839, and recorded in said Registry Book 20, page 34; also a deed from Cyrus Ingalls, dated October 10, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 625 and 521; I also claim possession by virtue of two several mortgage deeds, of two parcels of land situated in Hiram in the County aforesaid, to wit:—A deed from John McDonald dated November 12, 1833, and recorded in said Registry Book 15, page 513 and 514; also a deed from Ephraim Kimball and Aaron Kimball, dated January 18, 1838, and recorded in said Registry Book 19, page 432.

I also claim possession of a parcel of land situated partly in said town of Hiram and partly in said town of Denmark, by virtue of a mortgage deed from Ellis B. Usher, dated April 4, 1835, recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 449, reference being had to said Registry for a more particular description of the several enumerated parcels. In consequence of a breach of the conditions in each, and all of said mortgages, I claim possession of the said several parcels of land, and give this notice to foreclose said mortgages, pursuant to a Statute of this State.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD.
Portland, August 12, 1841.

THE RESURECTION, OR
PERSIAN PILLS.

THESE Pills cause from the greatest weakness, distress, and suffering, in a state of strength, health, and happiness. The name of these Pills is originated from the circumstance of the medicine being found only in the center of Persia. This vegetable production being of a peculiar kind, led to experiments as to its medicinal qualities and virtues. In fact a century ago became an established medicine for the disease of that country. The extract of this singular production was introduced into some parts of Europe in the year 1783, and used by many celebrated physicians in curing certain diseases, where all other medicines had been used in vain. Early in the year 1828, the extract was combined with a certain vegetable medicine imported from Dura Naia, in the East Indies, and found into pills. The admirable effect of this compound upon the human system, led physicians and families into its general use. Their long established character, their universality and healing virtues, the detergent and cleansing qualities of their special action upon the glandular part of the system, are such as will ensure their reputation and general use in the American Republic.

TO MOTHERS.—
Messrs. E. Chase & Co.,
Hallowell, Me.,
Hearing much said about the extraordinary effects of the Resurrection, or Persian Pills, upon those afflicted with weak and feeble children, we were induced to make a trial of them. My wife was at that time the mother of five children, and had suffered the most tedious and excruciating pain during and after her confinement of each. She had tried every means, and taken much medicine, but found little or no relief. She commenced taking the Persian Pills about three months before her confinement, (her health being very poor about that length of time previous,) and soon after was enabled, by their use, to attend to the care of a mother to her family, until her confinement. At the time she commenced taking the Persian Pills, and for several weeks previous, she was afflicted with a dry, hard cough, and frequent severe cramps, which the use of the Pills entirely removed, her health being restored. It is with great confidence that we add *all the eulogium to become mothers, to make use of the Persian Pills.* All those that have taken them in our neighborhood, have got along in the same easy manner, and none have been enabled, in a few days. There does not appear to be half the danger of other different setting in after confinement, where these Pills are taken. We unite, in every respect, taking them, for they are in the reach of the poor as well as the rich. We are truly thankful that there is a remedy which bids fair to lessen the world of suffering, which many of them have to bear, and perhaps save the lives of thousands which otherwise would be lost.

Hallowell, May 14, 1838: on the corner of Calcutta square, Edinburgh street. For further particulars, see subscribers' list.

A. O. ROBERTS.
General office of the United States, E. CHASE & CO.,
Hallowell, Me.

For sale by THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; HUBBARD & CLARK, South Paris; A. F. Cole & Co., Buckfield; W. H. Hiram, Livermore; Geo. Gage, Wilton; Stephen M. Marble, Poland; Nathaniel Perry, Gray Corner; John Higgins, P. M. Porter, Small Fly, Hiram; H. C. Russell, Fryburg; Nehemiah Winslow, Washington (Upper Corner). copy 11

DR. SEARS' UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN, OR: BLOOD-ROOT PILLS.

THESE truly Vegetable Pills are eminently useful in all cases where Phlegm is required. They operate more effectually upon the LIVER and BILIOUS DUCTS, than any other before offered to the public. They consequently cause the bile, which is the natural Phlegm of the Liver, to be removed, causing Dyspepsia, liver complaint, indigestion, Dropsy, and all other diseases which depend on an impure state of the BLOOD. In point of economy as well as efficacy, these Pills are without a rival. A box of these pills is only twenty-five cents. They are warranted to be composed of the very best materials. For certificates of cures and further particulars see bill of directions, which accompanies each box.

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despatch.

and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch piled his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the ritan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A MORMON CHAMPION—SWINDLING MR. PIERCE OF HIS FARM—THE MORMONS SOLD IT FOR \$3,000 AND TOOK THE MONEY—HE IS HOMELESS—CHEATING A MARINER AND FARMER OF HIS HOME—THE HEART-RENDING FINALE.

From various quarters, we continue to hear of the shameful practices of the Mormons, and we are sorry to say that they have found one new way willing to promulgate anything, no matter what in jurisdiction or aid of such an arrant piece of knavery as Mormonism. A fellow calling himself Galland, a miserable land speculator and confederate of the notorious Joe Smith, in order to keep up the imposture, until the land which he has sold the Mormons in Illinois is settled and paid for, has been permitted to publish a piece of impudence in one of our papers. The mass of abusive scurrility we shall of course not descend to notice, further than to expose a gross falsehood, which, if uncontradicted, might aid them in their scheme of plunder. It will be recollected that a host of charges have been preferred against them, quite insufficient to consign the leaders to the State Prison. All the most criminal portions are passed over in guilty silence, and one of minor importance is selected, by which it is hoped to gain some of innocence. It is the charge of cheating the bank note engravers, who it had been asserted, were never enabled to swindle the community out of immense sums. This associate in crime says in his defence—

"This assertion is a base falsehood, the evidence of which I have at this time in my possession, and had before his calumny was published."

Since this exposition (as we have before named) was made, they have effected a settlement with Messrs. Underwood, Bald, & Co., the engravers observe, after that exposure, although he would feign have it thought otherwise. We hope yet to compel them into more acts of justice. Unfortunately, however, the engravers, after being kept out of their money four years, were paid in lands out of which these Mormon swindlers had cheated some of their credulous dupes, so that after all it was only robbing Peter to pay Paul. And after a long tirade of vulgar scurrility and abuse, their champion undertakes to deny a single charge out of the scores with which they are accused, and even in this makes the matter much worse than it was before.

But really this is an offensive task. To be compelled, even by a strong sense of public duty, to lower ourselves so much to a level with such vagabonds, as to hold controversy with them in any shape, is humiliating. It is truly mortifying. Nothing, indeed, but a strong unmitigated abhorrence of so gross a combination of blasphemy, fraud and villainy, as is this Mormon imposture could possibly induce us to notice their emissaries, prowling about the country to swindle people of their hard earnings. As independent public journalists, we feel that we do but a disagreeable duty in exposing their rascalities, and putting people upon their guard, for they are literally stealing about, "seeking whom they may devour." The great purpose of the knaves is to get possession of other people's property—and to do this, they are drawing over them the cloak of a pretended new revelation.

In a note to a previous editorial in the Courier, we named that they had deluded a Mr. Pierce, of Chester county, whose farm they wheedled him out of, by promising to give him six thousand dollars' worth of their pretended land in Nauvoo.

They got possession of all Mr. Pierce's property (worth over six thousand dollars,) and sold it within a stone's throw of where we are now writing of their wickedness, viz. in the public sales-room of the Merchant's Exchange. They took it, or pretended to, at \$6,000, and sold it at auction for \$3,000!!! The facts are all well known to great numbers of the most respectable farmers of that magnificent county, and there is there among them but one unmitigated feeling of disgust for the swindlers, and sorrow for the deluded Mr. Pierce, who has an interesting family, who are now rendered homeless by these prowling vagabonds, swindlers and cheats.

With property, which they swindled out of a Chester county dupe, they have paid the bank note engravers, for the reason that they saw clearly enough that while this charge of cheating was hanging over their heads, they would not be so likely to make more dupe heretobes, and cheat them out of their farms, homesteads, and other property.

This is the great object of all their efforts—money, money—property, property, property. The property of other people they have

* By an accident, in a small portion of a previous issue of the Courier, the sum was put down at \$500, instead of \$6,000.

determined to get hold of or if they can, by hook or by crook, (so that the leading imposters can live in idleness,) and our heart bleeds, that in too many instances (some most touching ones too,) they have been far too successful. It is a piece of knavery upon which the press is bound to speak out—and we rejoice that so far as this paper is concerned, we meet from all intelligent minds, nothing but unqualified approval of the course we pursue. Upon this theme, we have a warm feeling of approbation from one extent of the country to the other. We shall do our duty, and the miserable threats of the lawless and swindling leaders will never receive aught from this quarter but unqualified contempt.

To-day, we append one more specimen of their heartless knavery, which cannot fail to cause a thrill of sorrow for the sufferer from the heart of every reader.

From the Doukirk N. Y. Beacon.

A VICTIM TO MORMONISM.

On the shore of the lake, seven miles west of this in Portland, the attention of the traveller would be attracted by a well finished, neat and commodious dwelling, the appearance of a well cultivated, good conditioned farm, indicating the abode of taste, industry and happiness. Do you stop to quaff the cooling water, or to enjoy a lounge under the pleasant piazza, protected from the scorching sun by a beautiful grove, in vain do you listen for the domestic song, or linger for the welcome of hospitality—Silence and solitude reign there. It is the hour of busy labor. You look around: at a distance you discover a man toiling in the field, alone; and he is the goodly pattern of a man. He invites you to a conference; you become interested in his history. He tells you he was the son of a sterner climate—cradled on the sea-lashed banks of Nova Scotia. In riper years, his home was the ocean. The brig, of which he was the owner and commander, foundered at sea; he was saved by taking to the long boat. He returned to the land of his birth, and married his betrothed; and in after years, when the father of six children, he removed with his family and settled upon this very farm eighteen years since, then in the wildest state. Here he continued in all the enjoyment consequent upon a virtuous life, possessed of the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, and a competence of this world's goods. His domestic relations were happy—uninterrupted so, until within two years since.

The spoiler came: a Mormon preacher appeared in the neighborhood. The wife, sons and daughters of this now lone man were among his hearers. Wild fanaticism fastened upon them, and they became converts of Mormonism. The golden Bible and the "revelations" of Joe Smith bid them prepare to journey to the "promised land." The husband and father interposed, but reason and kind persuasion were unavailing. The pictured scenes of "home" were but the gloom of night compared with the bright visions of the Mormon "heaven and earth." And Mormonism required the sacrifice of domestic bliss, a severance of the conjugal tie—of filial bonds. And these were not enough to satisfy the demands of the strange God; pecuniary tribute property of the man already bereft of wife and children. Heartless and hopeless he yielded to the demand; and besides his horses and the cattle of the field, he literally emptied his house to satiate the cupidity of this other Juggernaut. They left him alone! The wife, two sons, and three daughters, arrived in Missouri. In three months after their arrival on Mormon ground, the mother sickened and died.

And now Joshua Crosby, widowed and childless, though he be by the power of Mormon delusion, having recovered from the shock, with the big heart of a sailor forgives, and stands by ready for another pull at the oar on the ocean of life.

American Naval Victories.

War was declared between England and America in June, 1812. Peace was signed at Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, and proclaimed by the President, Feb. 18, 1815.

There were fifteen actions between English and American vessels of war. In eleven battles, fought by single ships, the Americans conquered; in four only the British triumphed—two of which were taken by single ships, viz: Chesapeake, of 47 guns, taken by the Shannon, 52; and the Argus, 16 guns, taken by the Pelican 20. The other two British captures were two to one against us.

During the war, there were captured from the British on the Ocean, three frigates and fifteen sloops of war, and smaller ships; and on the Lakes, thirteen, several of them brigs and sloops. The whole number captured by the Americans was thirty-one. The British took from us, and destroyed at navy yards, but twenty-three armed vessels, viz: three frigates (Chesapeake, President, and Essex,) twelve sloops and gun brigs and eight schooners.

Of the commanders who fought the naval battles, the following have died:

Decatur, who took the macedonian, October, 25, 1812.

Bainbridge, who took the Java, Dec. 29, 1812.

Lawrence, who took the Peacock, February 24, 1813.

Burrage, who took the Boxer, September 5, 1813.

Blakely, who took the Reindeer, June 28, 1814. Also the Avon, Sept. 7, 1814.

Perry, of the Lawrence; Almy, of the Somers; Senatt, of the Porcupine; and T. Holdup Stevens, of the Trippe, of Commodore Perry's squadron of six ships on Lake Erie, September 13, 1813.

Maconochie, of the Saratoga, and Henty, of the Eagle of Commodore Macdonough's squadron that captured the British squadron of four vessels on Lake Champlain, Sept. 11, 1814.

Allan, of the Argus taken by the Pelican, Aug. 14, 1813.

The surviving naval commanders, in the last war, who achieved victories, are: Isaac Hull, who took the Guerriere, August 20, 1812.

David Porter, who took the "Alert," August 13, 1812, and fought the ships Phoebe and Cherub at Valparaiso, March 28, 1814.

Jacob Jones, who took the Frolic, October 18, 1812.

Lewis Warrington, who took the Epervier, April 20, 1814.

Charles Stewart, who took the two sloops Levant Cyane with the Constitution, February 20, 1815.

Jesse D. Elliott, who commanded the Niagara in Perry's victory.

Daniel Turner, who commanded the Caledonia.

Stephen Champlin, who commanded the Scorpion.

Stephen Cassin, of the Ticonderago, in Macdonough's victory.

Of the surviving commanders, all are the Post Captains except Commodore Champlin and Captain Porter.

There are many survivors still on the list of our gallant naval officers who were distinguished by bravery and good conduct, in the war, under the command of superiors; but the above are all the survivors of those that had immediate commands. The catalogue presents thirteen deceased and nine living.

DISTINCTIONS IN SOCIETY.

In examining a large pile of old communications, we came upon signed "P. O.," in which the subject of distinctions in society is discussed. We do not conceive it necessary to give it in length. We, and we are not alone, but hundreds besides, in every part of the country, have touched this subject "many a time and oft," both directly and indirectly, both incidentally and in essays "written expressly" for existing occasions; yet the evil continues, and will we fear continue, until by some means the ancient spirit of equality that once shed moral dew from its wings on the heads of our forefathers, shall make the piano give place to the spinning wheel, put the plough handle into such hands as now wield the ivory-headed cane, convert the kitchen into a more creditable place of common resort than the drawing-room or parlor, and render

"Lap-dance hats and rusty gowns
And leather aprons shining."

as fashionable as genteel dandy gear now is. We are not, however, exactly so ultra in our notions, as to desire those things literally in their fullest extent; but we would hail with joy a return of the spirit of those days, even though the improved circumstances, the increased means of our country, might not require an exact conformity of external appearance in the details of its practical development. But the tendency of the times is the other way; and believing this, we agree with our correspondent in denouncing those who, with republican professions on their lips, exhibit the aristocracy of their feelings in their conduct; and those children and more remote descendants of mechanic and laborers, who affect to despise the employments by which they were enabled to inherit wealth. We give his remedy in its own words thus:

This pernicious habit has been derived from the false distinctions monarohies, where the mechanic professions are considered menial, pervades the whole land, and is becoming an evil of the magnitude. It is mischievous in the highest degree, and inconsistent with our free institutions, and the only way to cure the evil is to go to the root of it, and to show those persons who imagine they will increase the respectability of their families by making their sons lawyers, doctors or merchants, their delusion; for "the highest point of respectability is honest industry," and the practice of the mechanic arts, as a profession, is as respectable as that of commerce, law or physic. It is the pernicious error on this point which is so ruinous to society; it fills the mercantile line of business to excess, and makes professional life a mere "labyrinth of laziness" and mistaken respectability.

NAVAL.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that the frigate Macedonian, Commodore Wilkinson and the sloop of war Warren, Commander Jameson, have received orders to sail on a cruise, and will probably leave port on Saturday, that being the favorite day for going to sea! It is to be regretted that this custom could not be abolished.

We understand that orders have been received at this navy yard, to get ready for sea, not only the Ohio, but the frigate Columbia, the sloop of war John Adams, and the schr. Grampus. The Columbia will probably require extensive repairs, and, of course, will have to go into the dry dock, where the Erie, altered into a store ship, is now undergoing repairs. The John Adams has been lying at the yard, ready for sea, for many months.

It is said that Capt. T. Ap Catesby Jones will be appointed to the command of the Pacific squadron.

The United States frigate Brandywine left Lisbon on the 29th of July, for her station in the Mediterranean.

The French brig of war Daunois arrived at Pensacola, Florida, from Vera Cruz, on the 17th ult. She is commanded by Mons. S. F. Vignaud. The Daunois will remain in Pensacola till the arrival of the corvette Lu Sabine, and both will probably stay there until the hurricane season in the gulf is over.

From the Charleston Patriot, Sept. 4.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

By the steamer Gen. Clinch, we have received the Savannah Republican of yesterday, from which we copy the following:

"The steamer Gen. Clinch, Captain Brooks, arrived last evening from Palatka. From a passenger we learn that Hosptakka and all his band had come in at Tampa. 'Tigetial was sent in word to Gen. Worth that he will be in by the 6th inst. with his people. There were 240 Indians in at Tampa before Hosptakka came in with his tribe. None of the Indians have yet been shipped to the West. Our informant assures us that every thing appears favorable for a speedy termination of the war."

A DESOLATING SCOURGE.

The New York Medical Gazette gives the following incidental notice of the epidemic which first gave rise to the internal use of Mercury for Medical purposes:—

"Upwards of a century ago, the American Colonies were the scene of one of the most dreadful epidemics which ever desolated a country. It was generally denominated the RUTIN sore THROAT, and it commenced its career in May, 1735, at Kingston, an inland town of New Hampshire. From thence it spread itself gradually to the neighboring towns and villages. In the month of September of the same year, it reached Boston. Its progress westward was slow but uninterrupted. Nearly two years elapsed before it reached Hudson river, from whence it continued to spread to the south and west, until it had involved the whole of the colonies in one common calamity. The number who fell victims to the disease was immense. Upon the population of New England, more especially, it committed most dreadful ravages. According to the accounts furnished by Dr. Douglass, a physician of Boston, of that place were seized with it, and of these in thirty-five died of it. In other places, he states that one-sixth, one-fourth, and even one-third of the sick fell victims to it. By Dr. Kenly, an eminent practitioner of Philadelphia, an affecting account was left of its devastations. 'Like most new diseases,' says he, 'till their constitution and nature are known, it swept all before it; it baffled every attempt to stop its progress, and seemed by its dire effects to be more like the drawn sword of vengeance to stop the growth of the colonies, than the natural progress of the disease. In the New England governments, the stroke was felt with the greatest severity; villages were almost depopulated, and parents were left to bewail the loss of their tender offspring, till Heaven at last, the only unerring physician, was pleased to check its baneful influence.'"

"Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, states that in that province not less than one thousand persons died of the disease, of whom nine hundred were under twenty years of age. It was in attempting to arrest the ravages of this dreadful epidemic, that mercury appears to have been first introduced into the treatment of inflammatory complaints."

HYDROPHOBIA.—The Buffalo Commercial contains the following rules, which are taken from the Paris papers, and published under the auspices of the "Committee of Salubrity."

1st. Any person bitten by a mad dog or any other animal, should immediately press with the two hands all around the wound, so as to make the blood run freely and extricate the saliva.

2d. Wash the wound with a mixture of alkali and water, lemon juice, lye, soap, salt water, urine, or even pure water.

During the time of pressing and washing the wound, warm a piece of iron in the fire and apply it deeply to said wound. Mind that said piece of iron is only heated so as to be able to cauterize—that it must not be red hot.

These precautions being well observed, are sufficient to preserve from the horrid effects of hydrophobia, and every one should keep them in their mind.

SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

On Tuesday, we learn from various persons, that a shower, apparently of flesh and blood, had fallen in Wilson county, near Lebanon, in Tennessee, and that the fields were covered to a considerable extent. The account staggered our belief; but, strange as it may appear, it has been confirmed by the statement of several gentlemen of high character, who have personally examined the scene of this phenomenon. They state that the space covered by this extraordinary shower, is half a mile in length, and about seventy-five yards in width. In addition to the information thus received, we have been favored by Dr. Troost, professor of Chemistry in the University of Nashville, with the following letter from a highly respectable physician of Lebanon; we have also seen the specimens sent to him for examination. To us they appear to be animal matter, and the odor is that of putrid flesh.—Nashville Banner, July 20.

Lebanon, Aug. 8, 1841.

Dr. G. Troost:—I have sent you some matter, which appears from an authentic source to have fallen from the clouds.

With me there can be no doubt of its being animal matter, blood, muscular fibre, adipose matter. Please account to us, if you can, on philosophical principles, for the cause of this phenomenon. The particles I send you, I gathered with my own hands from the extent of surface over which it has spread, and the regular manner it exhibited on some green tobacco leaves very little or no doubt of its having fallen like a shower of rain; and it is stated on the authority of some negroes only, to have fallen from a small red cloud, no other clouds being visible in the heavens at the time. I have sent what I took to be a drop of blood, the other particles, composed of muscle and fat, although the proportions of the shower appeared to be a much larger quantity of blood than other particles.

W. P. SAYLE.

ORDERFUL PROSPERITY.—A Texas editor, speaking of the tremendous success of his paper, says: "During the past two months, three new subscribers have been added to our list, and we have received one gallon of whiskey for inserting a couple of marriage notices."

ANOTHER VETO.

From the Correspondence of the Weekly Messenger.
Washington, Sept. 5, 1841.

Since I last wrote, the bill to incorporate the Fiscal Agent, having passed both Houses, has been handed to the President for his signature or the second exercise of his veto power. It is almost certain, however, that the bill will never become a law. I have it from excellent authority—from the White House itself, that a veto is certain. It is generally expected here that this will be the upshot of the matter—that Capt. Tyler will not sign the bill—that the Cabinet will be blown to flinders—Congress dissolve in a hubbub—and the members scamper home in despair of being able to create a regularity of either currency or exchanges. So positive are some of the leading men of this termination, and that, too, in a few days, that they are speculating in good earnest upon the Cabinet in embryo, as a matter of certainty. A rumor is afloat, originating in the Virginia delegation, that H. A. Wise will succeed Mr. Webster as Secretary of State; others are so bold as to venture upon the name of John C. Calhoun, and assert that there is a strong probability of Mr. Tyler making choice of him as "a man after his own heart."

LATEST FROM TEXAS.—The Steamship Kingston, Capt. Boylan, arrived at New Orleans on the 24th of August, from Galveston. The Schr. San Antonio, Capt. Seghers, was engaged in making a survey of Galveston Bay.

A letter from Gen. Hamilton was received by Col. Bee. The General says: "I have just returned from Holland, where I have been aiding the selling of the bonds. In consequence of having seen a notice that some brig of war had been ordered by the French Government to be fitted out from Toulon to go down on the coast of Texas, in consequence of difficulties between our Executive and their Charge, Gen. H. had appointed the 19th of July to meet M. Guisot, and hoped to have the matter adjusted."

Nothing further from the Santa Fe expedition.

The Indians are all retreating from the Northern frontiers.

Hon. Anson Jones has declined being a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Com. Moore was making active preparations for fitting out the squadron to sail at a day's warning for the Mexican coast.

Galveston is so healthy at the present time that doctors can't live there. This, though paradoxical, is true.

The French flotta is a subject of fun—not fear to the Texans.

There's an opening for a speculation in flour now in Texas. The article is scarce at the present writing. The Texas cotton crop promises well.

ACCIDENT.—As the Providence stage was going down Front street in this town on Friday morning last, it came in contact with a locomotive engine on the Norwich Railroad. The fore wheels of the coach and the wheel horses were on the track of the railroad at the instant of contact, the coach was upset and thrown into the ditch by the side of the street. Mr. White, the driver, was very seriously, if not dangerously injured, his head was much bruised and several of his ribs broken, and it is thought he has also sustained a severe injury of the lungs. Another person with him in the box at the time escaped with trifling injury only. The rail road crossing on Front street is one of the most dangerous places we know of in the vicinity of any rail road.—Horscester (Mass.) Palladium.

A freebooter took an evening walk on a highway to Scotland, overtook and robbed a wealthy merchant traveller. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the thief lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passer, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head.—At this instant the robbed man came up with some assistance, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, the merchant persisted in the charge, and though the respectability of the farmer was admitted, he was indicted and placed at the bar of the Supreme Court for trial. The Government witness, the merchant, swore positively as to the identity of the bonnet, and deposed likewise to the identity of the farmer. The case was made out by this and other evidence, apparently against the prisoner. But there was a man in court who well knew both who did and did not commit the crime.

This was the real robber, who suddenly advanced from the crowd, and seizing the bonnet, which lay on the table before the witness, placed it on his head, and looking him full in the face, said to him in a voice of thunder, "Look at me, sir, and tell, on the oath you have sworn, am not I the man who robbed you on the highway?" "By heaven! you are the very man," "You see," said the robber, "what sort of memory the gentleman has—he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If the Hon. Judge were to put it on his own head, I dare say he would testify that he robbed him."

The innocent prisoner was on this evidence at once acquitted, because no reliance could be placed on such testimony; and yet it was positive evidence. Thus the robber had the merit of saving the guileless, and himself escaping detection.

OXFORD DE

PARIS, SEPTE



'Tis the Star-spangled Banner
O'er the land of the free, and the

ELECTION R

It will be seen by the that, to all appearance, the Star—Hard Cider, Coon Skin no further use. Their day is shorter, cut off, and dri up, shaved, and torn down, in play their fantastic games.

From present appearance the board throughout the Star Fairfield by a majority of branches of the Legislature.

OXFORD CO

Paris,	37
Norway,	14
Hebron,	29
Buckfield,	7
Sumner,	13
Peru,	14
Dixfield,	17
Waterford,	14
Woodstock,	17
Greenwood,	11
Hartford,	15
Turner,	35
Brownfield,	13
Denmark,	16
Albany,	10
Holmes,	14
Rumford,	14
REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED:	
Drake; Buckfield, Noah P	
Perry; Waterford, &c.	
Benjamin Tucker, Jr.; Turner,	

From the Eastern Argus, or

PORTLAND

The Star in
RESPLEN

Old Cumb

O. I.

DEMOCRATIC NET GA

1900

Our State Election has just this County Head Ciderim at the head of Salt River has wheeled into the Demo and has elected Four Demo large majority—last year al lowing are the returns as far town has made a gain, and

CUMBERLAND CO

Towns.	Fairfield.
Brunswick,	300
Bridgton,	203
Cape Elizabeth,	204
Cumberland,	139
Danville,	000
Durham,	185
Falmouth,	176
Freeport,	207
Gorham,	225
Gray,	233
Harperswell,	138
Harrison,	93
Minot,	347
Naples,	83
N. Gloucester,	162
N. Yarmouth,	120
Otisfield,	95
Poland,	253
Portland,	1034
Pownall,	126
Raymond,	237
Scarboro,	375
Westbrook,	490
Sebago,	000
Windham,	244
Raymond Cape,	168

Standish, 268
*Representative, no choice, la
+ " Ezra Brown,
No choice for Representative

YORK COUNTY

Towns.	Fairfield.	Kent.
Biddeford,	217	143
Buxton,	213	147
Fallowfield,	222	133
Kennebunk Pt.	167	117
Kennebunk,	210	207
Saco,	337	351
Wells,	340	109

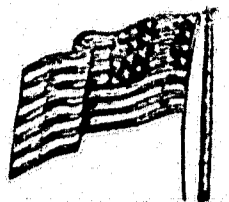
REPRESENTATIVES

Kennebunk, Abel M. Bryant,
Biddeford, no choice, Fed last year
Fed last year; Hollis, Samuel B.
Buxton, Wm. Huff, Jr. dem; J.
don gain; Wells, Amos Sargent,

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Mrs. of Jacob Gurcey of Hebron, lost her distressing manner on Wednesday in company with a daughter-in-law a hill in chase when some of the

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 14, 1841.



"The Star-spangled Banner" oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

ELECTION RETURNS.

It will be seen by the list of votes given below that, to all appearance, the State has gone for Democracy—Hard Cider, Coon Skins and Log Cabins are no further use. Their day has been short, but the end is shorter, cut off, and driven in. They are drunk up, shamed, and torn down, in Maine—never again to play their fantastic games.

From present appearances Democracy has swept the board throughout the State. They have elected Fairfield by a majority of at least 3,500, and both branches of the Legislature.

OXFORD COUNTY.

	F.	K.	C.
Paris,	370	93	18
Norway,	147	170	6
Hebron,	71	80	23
Buckfield,	297	61	5
Sumner,	137	47	34
Peru,	140	15	29
Dixfield,	176	65	1
Waterford,	141	93	25
Woodstock,	172	3	
Greenwood,	119	35	
Hartford,	153	63	65
Turner,	352	138	11
Brownfield,	139	65	1
Denmark,	162	29	13
Albany,	102	32	
Holmes,	14	2	
Rumford,	145	122	

Representatives Elected.—Paris.—Ebeneser Drake; Buckfield, Noah Prince; Oxford, John J. Perry; Waterford, &c.—J. Appagood; Norway, Benjamin Tucker, Jr.; Turner, no choice.

From the Eastern Argus, of Monday Evening, Portland, Sept. 13, 1841.

**The Star in the East
RESPLENDENT!!**
Old Cumberland
O.K.

DEMOCRATIC NET GAIN THUS FAR—
1900!!

Our State Election has just elapsed—and in this County *Hard Ciderism* and *Federalism* are at the head of *SALT RIVER*! Old Cumberland has wheeled into the Democratic ranks again—and has elected *Four Democratic* Senators by a large majority—last year all Federal. The following are the returns as far as received. Every town has made a gain, and some largely.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Towns.	Fairfield.	Kent.	Set.	Gain.
Brunswick,	300	424	3	174
Bridgton,	203	140	49	49
Cape Elizabeth,	264	48	1	13
Cumberland,	139	125	1	13
Danville,	000	000	00	00
Durham,	125	144	17	17
Falmouth,	176	180	2	11
Freeport,	207	267	92	92
Gorham,	225	281	73	73
Gray,	233	73	3	7
Harpwell,	138	147	35	35
Harrison,	93	123	25	25
Minot,	347	320	17	31
Naples,	83	77	31	31
N. Gloucester,	162	190	30	30
N. Yarmouth,	120	308	61	64
Onsfield,	93	133	30	30
Poland,	253	83	30	30
Portland,	1034	1075	25	400
Pownall,	126	116	8	8
Raymond,	237	132	30	30
Scarboro,	375	53	30	30
Westbrook,	490	214	10	93
Sebago,	000	000	00	00
Windham,	244	197	62	62
Raymond Cape,	168	31		

Standish, 203 97 47
Representative, no choice, last year Fed.
Ezra Brown, Jr., Dem. gain!
No choice for Representative, Fed. last year.

YORK COUNTY.

Towns.	Fairfield.	Kent.	Set.	Gain.
Biddeford,	217	193	123	123
Buxton,	233	217	67	67
Hollis,	222	233	27	27
Kennebunk Pt.,	167	207	5	5
Kennebunk,	210	207	27	27
Saco,	307	321	104	104
Wells,	340	199	57	57

Representatives Elected.
Kennebunk, Abel M. Bryant, Democratic gain—
Biddeford, no choice, Fed. last year; Buxton, no choice,
for last year; Hollis, Samuel Bradley, Fed.; Kenne-
bunk Port, Wm. H. J. Jr. dem.; Saco, Fred. Greene,
dem. gain; Wells, Amos Sargent, Dem.

Distressing Casualty.—Mrs. Lydia Gurney, wife of Jacob Gurney, of Hebron, lost her life in the following distressing manner on Wednesday the 8th inst. She, in company with a daughter-in-law, were descending a hill in chase when some of the harness parted at

which the horse became unmanageable, upsetting the carriage and precipitating both out killing the former instantly. The younger Mrs. Gurney had a leg badly broken and sustained other serious injury, but is expected to recover. A child a year and a half old was in the carriage at the time, and strange as it may seem, escaped unhurt. The deceased was 65 years of age.

GIFT BOOKS.—We would call attention to Mr. Colman's admirable series of Gift Books, in another column. Every variety of present, from the most simple to the most ornate, and from the most expensive to the most economical, will be found there included. All tastes, from youth to age, from prose to poetry, literature, instruction and theology, are offered something appropos; and he must be difficult of choice indeed, who cannot make a selection from such an assortment. For the manner of getting up all his works, Mr. Colman's name has passed to a proverb for neatness.

THE VICTIM OF CHANCERY; or a debtor's Experience. By the author of "A Week in Wall-street." New York: Colman, 14 John-street.

We do not profess to know who the author of "A Week in Wall-street" is, but we do know that he has made a better finished, and more interesting and understandable, inasmuch as it introduces some domestic scenes, which are drawn in a very life like manner. The work is one calculated to do good, by drawing attention to the defects, hardships, and other evils of the present chancery system; and inasmuch as it is "Experience" allied with so much recent business and so many bosoms, we think it will be widely read. The title alone will secure attention.—*N. Y. Teller.*

SUGAR TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES.—In 1830, the amount of sugar shipped from New Orleans was trifling. In 1836, the sugar exported amounted to 6,461,500 lbs.; in 1840 it had increased to 47,005,500 lbs. besides the amount sent to the interior for the Mississippi valley, which must be large. This is more than one fifth of the sugar made from cane, consumed in the United States, as there was about 190,000,000 lbs. imported in 1839. If the home production of sugar increases the next five years as it has done the last five, we shall make all our own sugar. This will be an important consummation. We paid to foreigners for sugar in 1839, \$9,924,622, which exceeds in value any one article of our exports except cotton, and except the exports of tobacco for only two years, viz: 1836 and 1839—the former it amounted to \$10,494,104, the latter \$10,449,155. The shipments of no-lasses from New Orleans to our eastern cities increased like those of sugar. In 1836, 419,958 gallons were shipped; in 1840, 3,304,400 gallons. In 1839 we imported 23,094,677 gallons, valued at \$4,364,234.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.
Life of Emanuel Swedenborg. By B. F. Barrett. The volume gives a general account of the greatest philosopher of the last century, and also extracts from several of his principal works, by which a correct notion of the author and his writings may be known. Price 50 cents.

A Week in Wall-street. By the author of "A Week in Wall-street." New York: Colman, 14 John-street.

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GIFTS FOR THE SEASON.

THE following beautiful books for presents are selected particularly for the Holidays, and will be published early this fall, by S. COLMAN, 14 John-street, New York.

Poets of America.—A Gift for 1842.—A new volume, rich in style, and most beautifully illustrated by 36 original designs executed on steel, and much more highly finished than the volume issued in 1839, and is in all respects worthy a place in every library.

"We are confident this will be the most elegant book of the season."—*Boston Times.*

"This work ought to be exhibited in the capitals of Europe as a specimen of what America is doing."—*Tribune.*

"Few books can be obtained that will prove more acceptable as a holiday present, and at the same time of enduring value than this splendid work."—*Evening Journal.*

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Ladies' Annual Register for 1842. By Mrs. Hall, of Boston, formerly edited by Mrs. Gilman. This work is particularly adapted to the domestic relations of social life, and comprises numerous useful receipts, directions for the cultivation of flowers, amusements, &c.

Life of Emanuel Swedenborg. By B. F. Barrett. This volume gives a general account of the greatest philosopher of the last century, and also extracts from several of his principal works, by which a correct notion of the author and his writings may be known. Price 50 cents.

A Week in Wall-street. By the author of "A Week in Wall-street." New York: Colman, 14 John-street.

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At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 2d day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

JOHN MOUTON, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Henry Cole, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and his own private account also the petition of the widow for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the 2d Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 2d day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ON petition of Sally Shaw, Administratrix of the estate of Orin Shaw, late of Paris, in said County, deceased, praying for a license to sell and convey all the real estate of said deceased:

Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased and all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the 2d Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 2d day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ON petition of Daniel Clement, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also the petition of the widow for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the 2d Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 2d day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ON petition of Daniel W. Ellis, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also the petition of the widow for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the 2d Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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ON petition of Daniel W. Ellis, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also the petition of the widow for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the 2d Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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ON petition of Daniel W. Ellis, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also the petition of the widow for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the 2d Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 2d day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ON petition of Daniel W. Ellis, late of Fryeburg, in said County, deceased, having presented his first

and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rison dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A MORMON CHAMPION—SWINDLING MR. PIERCE OF HIS FARM—THE MORMONS SOLD IT FOR \$3,000 AND TOOK THE MONEY—HE IS HOMELESS—CHEATING A MARINER AND FARMER OF HIS HOME—THE HEART-RENDING FINALE.

From various quarters, we continue to hear of the shameful practices of the Mormons, and we are sorry to say that they have found one newspaper willing to promulgate anything, no matter what in jurisdiction or aid of such an arrant piece of knavery as Mormonism. A fellow calling himself Galland, a miserable land speculator and confederate of the notorious Joe Smith, in order to keep up the imposture, until the land which he has sold the Mormons in Illinois is settled and paid for, has been permitted to publish a piece of impudence in one of our papers. The mass of abusive scurrility we shall of course not descend to notice, further than to expose a gross falsehood, which, if uncontradicted, might aid them in their scheme of plunder. It will be recollected that a host of charges have been preferred against them, quite insufficient to consign the leaders to the State Prison. All the most criminal portions are passed over in guilty silence, and one of minor importance is selected, by which it is hoped to gain some of innocence. It is the charge of cheating the bank note engravers, who it had been asserted, were never paid enabled to swindle the community out of immense sums. This associate in crime says in his defence—

"This assertion is a base falsehood, the evidence of which I have at this time in my possession, and had before his calumny was published."

Since this exposition (as we have before named) was made, they have effected a settlement with Messrs. Underwood, Bald, & Co., the engravers, observe, after that exposure, although he would feign have it thought otherwise. We hope yet to compel them into more acts of justice. Unfortunately, however, the engravers, after being kept out of their money four years, were paid in lands out of which these Mormon swindlers had cheated some of their credulous dupes, so that after all it was only robbing Peter to pay Paul. And after a long tirade of vulgar scurrility and abuse, their champion undertakes to deny a single charge out of the scores with which they are accused, and even in this makes the matter much worse than it was before.

But really this is an offensive task. To be compelled, even by a strong sense of public duty, to lower ourselves so much to a level with such vagabonds, as to hold controversy with them in any shape, is humiliating. It is truly mortifying. Nothing, indeed, but a strong unmitigated abhorrence of so gross a combination of blasphemy, fraud and villainy, as is this Mormon imposture could possibly induce us to notice their emissaries, prowling about the country to swindle people of their hard earnings. As independent public journalists, we feel that we do but a disagreeable duty in exposing their rascality, and putting people upon their guard, for they are literally stealing about, "seeking whom they may devour." The great purpose of the knaves is to get possession of other people's property—and to do this, they are drawing over them the cloak of a pretended new revelation.

In a note to a previous editorial in the Courier, we named that they had deluded a Mr. Pierce, of Chester county, whose farm they wheedled him out of, by promising to give him six thousand dollars' worth of their pretended land in Nauvoo.

They got possession of all Mr. Pierce's property (worth over six thousand dollars), and sold it within a stone's throw of where we are now writing of their wickedness, viz. in the public sales-room of the Merchant's Exchange. They took it, or pretended to, at \$6,000, and sold it at auction for \$3,000!!! The facts are all well known to great numbers of the most respectable farmers of that magnificent county, and there is there among them but one unmitigated feeling of disgust for the swindlers, and sorrow for the deluded Mr. Pierce, who has an interesting family, who are now rendered homeless by these prowling vagabonds, swindlers and cheats.

With property, which they swindled out of a Chester county dupe, they have paid the bank note engravers, for the reason that they saw clearly enough that while this charge of cheating was hanging over their heads, they would not be so likely to make more dupes hereabouts, and cheat them out of their farms, homesteads, and other property.

This is the great object of all their efforts—money, money—property, property, property! The property of other people they have

By an accident, in a small portion of a previous issue of the Courier, the sum was put down at \$600, instead of \$6,000.

determined to get hold of or if they can, by hook or by crook, (as that the leading imposters can live in idleness,) and our heart bleeds, that in too many instances (some most touching ones too,) they have been far too successful. It is a piece of knavery upon which the press is bound to speak out—and we rejoice that so far as this paper is concerned, we meet, from all intelligent minds, nothing but unqualified approval of the course we pursue. Upon this theme, we have a warm feeling of approbation from one extent of the country to the other. We shall do our duty, and the miserable threats of the lawless and swindling leaders will never receive aught from this quarter but unqualified contempt.

To-day, we append one more specimen of their heartless knavery, which cannot fail to cause a thrill of sorrow for the sufferer from the heart of every reader.

From the Duukik N. Y. Beacon.

A VICTIM TO MORMONISM.

On the shore of the lake, seven miles west of this in Portland, the attention of the traveller would be arrested by a well finished, neat and commodious dwelling, the appearance of a well cultivated, good conditioned farm, indicating the abode of taste, industry and happiness. Do you stop to quaff the cooling water, or to enjoy a lounge under the pleasant piazza, protected from the scorching sun by a beautiful grove, in vain do you listen for the domestic song, or linger for the welcome of hospitality. Silence and solitude reign there. It is the hour of busy labor. You look around: at a distance you discover a man toiling in the field, alone; and he is the goodly pattern of a man. He invites you to a conference; you become interested in his history. He tells you he was the son of a sterner climate—cradled on the sea-lashed banks of Nova Scotia. In riper years, his home was the ocean. The brig, of which he was the owner and commander, foundered at sea; he was saved by taking to the long boat. He returned to the land of his birth, and married his betrothed; and in after years, when the father of six children, he removed with his family and settled upon this very farm eighteen years since, then in the wildest state. Here he continued in all the enjoyment consequent upon a virtuous life, possessed of the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, and a competence of this world's goods. His domestic relations were happy—uninterruptedly so, until within two years since. The spoiler came: a Mormon preacher appeared in the neighborhood. The wife, sons and daughters of this now lone man were among his hearers. Wild fanaticism fastened upon them, and they became converts of Mormonism. The golden Bible and the "revelations" of Joe Smith bid them prepare to journey to the "promised land." The husband and father interposed, but reason and kind persuasion were unavailing. The pictured scenes of "home" were but the gloom of night compared with the bright visions of the Mormon "heaven and earth." And Mormonism required the sacrifice of domestic bliss, a severance of the conjugal tie—of filial bonds. And these were not enough to satisfy the demands of the new religion. Pecuniary tribute property of the man already bereft of wife and children. Heartless and hopeless he yielded to the demand; and besides his horses and the cattle of the field, he literally emptied his house to satiate the cupidity of this other Juggernaut. They left him alone! The wife, two sons, and three daughters, arrived in Missouri. In three months after their arrival on Mormon ground, the mother sickened and died.

And now Joshua Crosby, widowed and childless, though he be by the power of Mormon delusion, having recovered from the shock, with the big heart of a sailor forgives, and stands by ready for another pull at the oar on the ocean of life.

American Naval Victories.

War was declared between England and America in June, 1812. Peace was signed at Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, and proclaimed by the President, Feb. 18, 1815.

There were fifteen actions between English and American vessels of war. In eleven battles fought by single ships, the Americans conquered; in four only the British triumphed—two of which were taken by single ships, viz: Chesapeake, of 47 guns, taken by the Shannon, 52; and the Argus, 16 guns, taken by the Pelican 20. The other two British captures were two to one against us.

During the war, there were captured from the British on the Ocean, three frigates and fifteen sloops of war, and smaller ships; and on the Lakes, thirteen, several of them brigs and sloops. The whole number captured by the Americans was thirty-one. The British took from us, and destroyed at navy yards, but twenty-three armed vessels, viz: three frigates (Chesapeake, President, and Essex), twelve sloops and gun brigs, and eight schooners.

Of the commanders who fought the naval battles there have died:

Decatur, who took the macedonian, October 25, 1812.

Bainbridge, who took the Java, Dec. 20, 1812.

Lawrence, who took the Peacock, February 24, 1813.

Burrows, who took the Boxer, September 5, 1813.

Blakely, who took the Reindeer, June 28, 1814. Also the Avon, Sept. 7, 1814.

Perry, of the Lawrence; Almy, of the Somers; Smith, of the Porpoise; and T. Hollup Stens, of the Trippe, of Commodore Perry's squadron of six ships on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

Macdonough, of the Saratoga, and Hurlay, of the Eagle of Commodore Macdonough's squadron that captured the British squadron of four vessels on Lake Champlain, Sept. 11, 1814.

Allen, of the Argus taken by the Pelican, Aug. 14, 1813.

The surviving naval commanders, in the last war, who achieved victories, are:

Isaac Hull, who took the Guerriere, August 19, 1812.

David Porter, who took the "Albatross," August 13, 1812, and fought the ships Phoebe and Cherub at Valparaiso, March 28, 1814.

Jacob Jones, who took the Frolic, October 18, 1812.

Lewis Warrington, who took the Epervier, April 20, 1814.

Charles Stewart, who took the two sloops Levant Cyane with the Constitution, February 20, 1815.

Jesse D. Elliott, who commanded the Niagara in Perry's victory.

Daniel Turner, who commanded the Caledonia.

Stephen Champlin, who commanded the Scorpion.

Stephen Cassin, of the Ticonderago, in Macdonough's victory.

Of the surviving commanders, all are the Post Captains except Commodore Champlin and Captain Porter.

There are many survivors still on the list of our gallant naval officers who were distinguished by bravery and good conduct, in the war, under the command of superiors; but the above are all the survivors of those that had immediate commands. The catalogue presents thirteen deceased and nine living.

DISTINCTIONS IN SOCIETY.

In examining a large pile of old communications, we came upon signed "P. O.," in which the subject of distinctions in society is discussed. We do not conceive it necessary to give it at length. We, and we are not alone, but hundreds besides, in every part of the country, have touched this subject "many a time and oft," both directly and indirectly, both incidentally and in essays "written expressly" for existing occasions; yet the evil continues, and will we fear continue, until by some means the ancient spirit of equality that once shed moral dew from its wings on the heads of our forefathers, shall make the piano give place to the spinning wheel, put the plough handle into such hands as now wield the ivory-headed cane, convert the kitchen into a more creditable place of common resort than the drawing-room or parlor, and render

as fashionable as genteel dandy gear now is.

We are not, however, exactly so ultra in our notions, as to desire those things literally in their fullest extent; but we would have with joy a return of the spirit of those days, even though the improved circumstances, the increased means of our country, might not require an exact conformity of external appearance in the details of its practical development. But the tendency of the times is the other way; and believing this, we agree with our correspondent in denouncing those who, with republican professions on their lips, exhibit the aristocracy of their feelings in their conduct; and those children and more remote descendants of mechanic and laborers, who affect to despise the employments by which they were enabled to inherit wealth. We give his remedy in his own words thus:

The mechanic has been derived from the false distinctions monarchies, where the mechanic professions are considered menial, pervades the whole land, and is becoming an evil of the magnitude. It is mischievous in the highest degree, and inconsistent with our free institutions; and the only way to cure the evil is to go to the root of it, and to show those persons who imagine they will increase the respectability of their families by making their sons lawyers, doctors or merchants, their delusion; for "the highest point of respectability is honest industry," and the practice of the mechanic arts, as a profession, is as respectable as that of commerce, law or physic. It is the pernicious error on our part which is so ruinous to society; it fills the mercantile line of business to excess, and makes professional life a mere "labyrinth of laziness" and mistaken respectability.

NAVAL.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that the frigate Macedonian, Commodore Wilkeson and the sloop of war Warren, Commander Jameson, have received orders to sail on a cruise, and will probably leave port on Saturday, (that being the favorite day for going to sea!) It is to be regretted that this custom could not be abolished.

We understand that orders have been received at this navy yard, to get ready for sea, not only the Ohio, but the frigate Columbia, the sloop of war John Adams, and the sloop Grampus. The Columbia will probably require extensive repairs, and, of course, will have to go into the dry dock, where the Erie, altered into a store ship, is now undergoing repairs. The John Adams has been lying at the yard, ready for sea, for many months.

It is said that Capt. T. A. Catesby Jones will be appointed to the command of the Pacific squadron.

The United States frigate Brandywine left Lisbon on the 29th of July, for her station in the Mediterranean.

The French brig of war Daunois arrived at Pensacola, Florida, from Vera Cruz, on the 17th ult. She is commanded by Mons. S. F. Vignaud. The Daunois will remain in Pensacola till the arrival of the corvette La Sabine, and both will probably stay there until the hurricane season in the gulf is over.

From the Charleston Patriot, Sept. 4.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

By the steamer Gen. Clinch, we have received the Savannah Republican of yesterday, from which we copy the following:

"The steamer Gen. Clinch, Captain Brooks, arrived last evening from Palatka. From a passenger we learn that Hospitak and all his band had come in at Tampa. Tigerat has sent in word to Gen. Worth that he will be in by the 8th inst., with his people. There were 240 Indians in at Tampa before Hospitak came in with his tribe. None of the Indians have yet been shipped to the West. Our informant assures us that every thing appears favorable for a speedy termination of the war."

A DESOLATING SCOURGE.

The New York Medical Gazette gives the following incidental notice of the epidemic which first gave rise to the internal use of Mercury for Medical purposes:—

"Upwards of a century ago, the American Colonies were the scene of one of the most dreadful epidemics which ever desolated a country. It was generally denominated the *putrid sore throat*, and it commenced its career in May, 1735, at Kingston, an inland town of New Hampshire. From thence it spread itself gradually to the neighboring towns and villages. In the month of September of the same year, it reached Boston. Its progress westward was slow but uninterrupted. Nearly two years elapsed before it reached Hudson river, from whence it continued to spread to the south and west, until it had involved the whole of the colonies in one common calamity. The number who fell victims to the disease was immense. Upon the population of New England, more especially, it committed most dreadful ravages. According to the account furnished by Dr. Douglass, a physician of Boston, it appears that one fourth of the inhabitants of that place were seized with it, and of these in thirty-five died of it. In other places, he states that one-sixth, one-fourth, and even one-third of the sick fell victims to it. By Dr. Kearsley, an eminent practitioner of Philadelphia, an affecting account was left of its devastations. 'Like most new diseases,' says he, 'till their constitution and nature are known, it swept all before it; it baffled every attempt to stop its progress, and seemed by its dire effects to be more like the drawn sword of vengeance to stop the growth of the colonies, than the natural progress of the disease. In the New England governments, the stroke was felt with the greatest severity; villages were almost depopulated, and parents were left to bewail the loss of their tender offspring, till Heaven at last, the only unerring physician, was pleased to check its baneful influence.'

"Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, states that in that province not less than one thousand persons died of the disease, of whom nine hundred were under twenty years of age."

It was in attempting to arrest the ravages of this dreadful epidemic, that mercury appears to have been first introduced into the treatment of inflammatory complaints.

HYDROPHOBIA.—The Buffalo Commercial contains the following rules, which are taken from the Paris papers, and published under the auspices of the "Committee of Salubrity."

"Any person bitten by a mad dog or any other animal, should immediately press with the two hands all around the wound, so as to make the blood run freely and extricate the saliva."

"2d. Wash the wound with a mixture of alkali and water, lemon juice, lye, soap, salt water, urine, or even pure water."

"During the time of pressing and washing the wound, warm a piece of iron in the fire and apply it deeply to said wound. Mind that said piece of iron is only heated so as to be able to cauterize that it must not be red hot."

"These precautions being well observed, are sufficient to preserve from the horrid effects of hydrophobia, and every one should keep them in their mind."

SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

On Tuesday, we learn from various persons that a shower, apparently of flesh and blood, had fallen in Wilson county, near Lebanon, in Tennessee, and that the fields were covered to a considerable extent. The account staggered our belief; but, strange as it may appear, it has been confirmed by the statement of several gentlemen of high character, who have personally examined the scene of this phenomenon. They state that the space covered by this extraordinary shower, is half a mile in length, and about seventy-five yards in width. In addition to the information thus received, we have been favored by Dr. Tronst, professor of Chemistry in the University of Nashville, with the following letter from a highly respectable physician of Lebanon; we have also seen the specimens sent to him for examination. To us they appear to be animal matter, and the odor is that of putrid flesh.—*Nashville Banner*, July 20.

Lebanon, Aug. 8, 1841.
Dr. G. Tronst:—I have sent you some matter, which appears from an authentic source to have fallen from the clouds.

With me there can be no doubt of its being animal matter, blood, muscular fibre, adipose matter. Please account to us, if you can, on philosophical principles, for the cause of this phenomenon. The particles I send you, I gathered with my own hands from the extent of surface over which it has spread, and the regular manner it exhibited on some green tobacco leaves very little or no doubt of its having fallen like a shower of rain; and it is stated on the authority of some negroes only, to have fallen from a small red cloud, no other clouds being visible in the heavens at the time. I have sent what I took to be a drop of blood, the other particles, composed of muscle and fat, although the proportions of the shower appeared to be a much larger quantity of blood than other properties.

W. P. SAYLE.

ONDERFUL PROSPERITY.—A Texas editor, speaking of the tremendous success of his paper, says: "During the past two months, three new subscribers have been added to our list, and we have received one gallon of whiskey for inserting a couple of marriage notices."

ANOTHER VETO.

From the Correspondence of the Weekly Messenger.
Washington, Sept. 5, 1841.

Since I last wrote, the bill to incorporate the Fiscal Agent, having passed both Houses, has been handed to the President for his signature or the second exercise of his veto power. It is almost certain, however, that the bill will never become a law. I have it from excellent authority—from the White House itself, that a veto is certain. It is generally expected here that this will be the upshot of the matter—that Capt. Tyler will not sign the bill—that the Cabinet will be blown to flinders—Congress dissolve in a hubbub—and the members scamper home in despair of being able to create a regularity of either currency or exchanges. So positive are some of the leading men of this termination, and that, too, in a few days, that they are speculating in good earnest upon the Cabinet in embryo, as a matter of certainty. A rumor is afloat, originating in the Virginia delegation, that H. A. Wise will succeed Mr. Webster as Secretary of State; others are so bold as to venture upon the name of John C. Calhoun, and assert that there is a strong probability of Mr. Tyler making choice of him as "a man after his own heart."

LATEST FROM TEXAS.—The Steamship Kingston, Capt. Boylan, arrived at New Orleans on the 24th of August, from Galveston.

The Schre. San Antonio, Capt. Seghers, was engaged in making a survey of Galveston Bay.

A letter from Gen. Hamilton was received by Col. Bre. The General says: "I have just returned from Holland, where I have been aiding the selling of the bonds. In consequence of having seen a notice that some brig of war had been ordered by the French Government to be fitted out from Toulon to go down on the coast of Texas, in consequence of difficulties between our Executive and their Charge, Gen. H. had appointed the 19th of July to meet M. Guizot, and hoped to have the matter adjusted."

Nothing further from the Santa Fe expedition.

The Indians are all retiring from the Northern frontiers.

Hon. Anson Jones has declined being a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Com. Moore was making active preparations for fitting out the squadron to sail at a day's warning for the Mexican coast.

Galveston is so healthy at the present time that doctors can't live there. This, though paradoxical, is true.

The French *Albatross* is a subject of fun—not fear to the Texans.

There's an opening for a speculation in flour now in Texas. The article is scarce at the present writing. The Texas cotton crop promises well.

ACCIDENT.—As the Providence stage was going down Front street in this town on Friday morning last, it came in contact with a locomotive engine on the Norwich Railroad.

The fore wheels of the coach and the wheel horses were on the track of the railroad at the instant of contact, the coach was upset and thrown into the ditch by the side of the street.

Mr. White, the driver, was very seriously, if not dangerously injured, his head was much bruised and several of his ribs broken, and it is thought he has also sustained a severe injury of the lungs. Another person with him on the box at the time escaped with trifling injury only. The rail road crossing on Front street is one of the most dangerous places we know of in the vicinity of any rail road.—*Worcester (Mass.) Palladium*.

A freebooter took an evening walk on a highway to Scotland, overtook and robbed a wealthy merchant traveller. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the thief lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passer, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head.—At this instant the robbed man came up with some assistance, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, the merchant persisted in the charge, and though the respectability of the farmer was admitted, he was indicted and placed at the bar of the Supreme Court for trial. The Government witness, the merchant, swore positively as to the identity of the bonnet, and deposed likewise to the identity of the farmer. The case was made out by this and other evidence, apparently against the prisoner. But there was a man in court who well knew both who did and did not commit the crime.

This was the real robber, who suddenly advanced from the crowd, and seizing the bonnet, which lay on the table before the witness, placed it on his head, and looking him full in the face, said to him in a voice of thunder, "Look at me, sir, and tell, on the oath you have sworn, am not I the man who robbed you on the highway?" "By heaven I am the very man," "You see," said the robber, "what sort of memory the gentleman has—he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If the Hon. Judge were to put it on his own head, I dare say he would testify that he robbed him." The innocent prisoner was on this evidence at once acquitted, because no reliance could be placed on such testimony; and yet it was positive evidence. Thus the robber had the merit of saving the guiltless; and himself escaping detection.

